

IN CAP & BELLS

BY OWEN SEAMAN

AUTHOR OF
THE BATTLE OF THE BAYS



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Author's Note

The greater number of these verses appeared recently in *Punch*, those reproduced from *The World* belong to an earlier date, 1897, the imitation of Mr George Meredith was printed in *The Morning Post* within the last year. To the Proprietors of *Punch* and the Editors of *The World* and *The Morning Post*, I give my best thanks for their kindness in permitting me to re-publish my work.

I need not, perhaps, apologize for the motley character of this collection, nor for having, towards the end of it, made use of the Fool's privilege of being serious on occasion.

O S

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IN CAP AND BELLS.

TO MR ALFRED AUSTIN

[In polite imitation of his Jubilee Ode]

I

THE early bird got up and whet * his beak,
The early worm awoke, an easy prey,
This happened any morning in the week,
Much as to-day

II

THE moke uplift * for joy his hinder hoof,
Shivered the fancy-poodle, freshly shorn,
The prodigal upon the attic-roof
Mewed to the morn

* Poetical license

In Cap and Bells

III

His virile note the cock profusely blew,
The beetle trotted down the kitchen tong,
The early bird above alluded to
Was going strong

IV

All this of course refers to England's isle,
But things were going on across the deep,
In Egypt—take a case—the crocodile
Was sound asleep

V

Buzzed the Hymettian bee, sat up in bed
The foreign oyster sipping local drains,
The impious cassowary lay like lead
On Afric's plains

VI

A-nutting went the nimble chimpanzee,—
And what, you ask me, am I driving at?
Wait on, in less than twenty minutes we
Shall come to that

VII

The bulbous crowfoot drained his dewy cup,
The saxifrage enjoyed a morning crawl,
The ampelopsis slowly sidled up
The garden wall

VIII

Her petals wide the periwinkle flung,
Blue gentian winked upon unweaned lambs,
And there was quite a pleasant stir among
The cryptogams

IX

May was the month alike in croft and wild,
When—here, in fact, begins the actual tale—
When forth withal there came an infant child,
A healthy male

X

Marred was his ruby countenance, as when
A blushing peony is moist with rain,
And first he strenuously kicked, and then
He kicked again,

In Cap and Bells

XI

They put the bays upon his barren crest,
Laid on his lap a lexicon of rhyme,
Saying—"You shall with luck attain the quest
In course of time "

XII

Stolid he gazed, as one that may not know
The meaning of a presage—or is bored,
But when he loosed his lips it was as though
The sea that * roared

XIII

That dreadful summons to a higher place
He would not, if he could, have spurned away;
But, being a babe, he had, in any case,
Nothing to say

XIV

So they continued —"Yes, on you shall fall
The laurels, you shall clamber by-and-by
Where Southey sits, where lately sat withal
The poet Pye

* Poetical license

XV

As yet you are not equal to the task,
A sense of euphony you still must lack,
Nor could you do your duty by the cask
Of yearly sack

XVI

Just now, withal (that's twice we've said 'withal'),
The place is filled by some one sitting there,
Yet poets pass, he, too, will leave his stall
And go elsewhere

XVII

Meanwhile, to trust you with a pointed pen,
Dear babe, would manifestly be absurd,
Besides, all well-conducted little men
Are seen, not heard

XVIII

First, how to tutor your prehensile mind
Shall be the object of our deep concern,
We'll teach you grammar, *grammar, you will find,*
Takes years to learn

XIX

'Twixt—mark the pretty word—'twixt boy and man
 You shall collate from every source that's
 known

A blended style, which may be better than
 One of your own

XX

Your classic mould shall be completely mixed
 Of Rome's robustness and the grace of Greece,
 And you shall be a Tory, planted 'twixt
 Plenty and peace

XXI

And lo! we call you ALFRED! Kinglihood
 Lies in the name of Him, the Good and Great!
 You may not rise to greatness, O be good
 At any rate! "

XXII

Eight happy summers passed and Southey too,
 And one that had the pull in point of age
 Walked in, for Alfred still was struggling through
 The grammar-stage

XXIII

When William followed out in Robert's wake,
An alien Alfred filled the vacant spot,
Possibly by some clerical mistake,
Possibly not

XXIV

Our friend had then achieved but fifteen years,
Nor yet against him was there aught to quote,
For he had uttered in the nation's ears
Not half a note

XXV

Adult, no more he dreamed the laurel-wreath,*
But wandered, being credentialled* to the Bar,
There where the Northern Circuit wheels beneath
The Polar star

XXVI

One day, asleep in Court, Apollo's crown
All in a briefless moment his he saw,
Then cast his interloping wig adown
And dropped the Law

* Poetical license

XXVII

Henceforth with loyal pen he laboured for
His England (situated on the main),
Wrote in the tragic, or satiric, or
Some other vein

XXVIII

At forty-one he let his feelings go —
" If he, that other Alfred, ever die,
And I am not appointed, I will know
The reason why! "

XXIX

Some sixteen further autumns bound their
sheaves,
With hope deferred wild battle he had waged,
And written books At last the laurel-leaves
Were disengaged

XXV

Felicitators, bursting through his bowers,
Came on him hoeing roots With mild surprise,
" Leave me alone," he said, " among my flowers
To botanise "

XXXI

The Prime Elector, Man of Many Days,
 Though Allan's Muse adorned the Liberal side,
 Seizing the swift occasion, left the bays
 Unoccupied

XXXII

The Peer that followed, having some regard
 For humor, hitherto accounted sin,
 Produced a knighthood for the blameless bard
 Of proud Penbryn

XXXIII

At length a callous Tory chief arose,
 Master of caustic jest and cynic gibe,
 Looked round the Carlton Club and lightly chose
 Its leading scribe

XXXIV

And so with heaving heart and happy tears
 Our patient Alfred took the tardy spoil,
 Though spent with sixty venerable years
 Of virtuous toil

XXXV

And ever when marsh-marigolds are cheap

And new potatoes crown the death of May,

If memory serve us, we propose to keep

His natal day

AMONG THE ROARING FORTIES,
OR, THE NEW MÉNAGERIE OF LETTERS

[Mr Algernon Charles Swinburne, in a letter to the *Times*, complained bitterly that when, "in this decadent month," the demise of the sea serpent and the giant gooseberry is followed by the resurgence of "that ridiculous monster," an English Academy of Letters, his name should receive the unsolicited honor of association with so "unimaginable a gathering" what, indeed, he might call a "*colluvies literarum*" He strongly resented the "adulation of such insult"]

WHEN the fiends of fog are on Autumn's traces,
The herald of Yule and the year's decay
Smears the lungs and smothers the faces
With slime that slithers and germs that slay;
And the amorous microbe leaves his lair,
And walks abroad with a wicked air,
And unabashed the wanton chases
By nebulous noon his palsied prey
For the Silly Season is past and over,
Gone with the equinoctial gales,
That sinuous hoar, the hoar sea-rover,
Curbs the pride of his prancing scales,

And the giant gooseberry misbegotten
Lies in the limbo of all things rotten,
The savour that clings to last year's clover,
The loves that follow the light that fails

Where shall they find what next they shall say
to us,

Give to our need what new-sent boon?
What fresh air shall the pressman play to us,
Worn to a thread with the jaunts of June?
For to set the jaded limbs astir
Is as food and drink to the pipe-player,
And it means the deuce if, piping for pay to us,
Never a heart shall heed his tune

But see! for a ballet is set before us,
Figures that limp on feet of lead,
Two score puppets and all sonorous,
Crowned with paper upon the head!
Past the thymele each one wobbles
Baiting the British public's obols—
And who fares fifth in the footling chorus?
ALGERNON CHARLES! as I live by bread!

Shall *I* make virtuous sport for Vandals,
I that mixed in the Mænads' maze,
Shod in the sheen of my winged sandals,
Fellow of Fauns by woodland ways?
Shall *I* parade in a vulgar buskin
With ruminant Stubbs and stolid Ruskin,
Not fit to hold two half-penny candles
To A C S in his palmy days?

For I sang of the garb and gait unstudied
Of Bacchanal routs that raged and ran,
Of the cheek of Dryad and Nymph full-blooded
That warmed at touch of the warming Pan,
Who then dares marry my Muse with these,
This *literarum colluvies*?
On him and his print and his staff that budded
I lay the curse of my lips that ban

Have I not said, O *Times*, and sworn it,
By all oaths valid on earth and sea,
That while one blast is left to my cornet
Not, if I know it, shall these things be?

Not till the lion shear his locks
And share his crib with the craven ox,
Not till the fiery unyoked hornet
Mate with the mere performing flea!

AT THE SIGN OF THE COCK

(FRENCH STYLE, 1898)

[Being an Ode in further "Contribution to the Song of French History," dedicated, without malice or permission, to Mr George Meredith]

I

ROOSTER her sign,
Rooster her pugnant note, she struts
Evocative, amazon spurs aprick at heel,
Nid-nod the authentic stump
Of the once ensanguined comb vermeil as wine,
With conspuent doodle-doo
Hails breach o' the hectic dawn of yon New Year
Last issue up to date
Of quiverful Fate
Evolved spontaneous, hails with tonant trump
The spiriting prime o' the clashed carillon-peal,
Ruffling her caudal plumes derisive of scuts,
Inconscient how she stalks an immarcessibly ab-
surd
Bird

In Cap and Bells

II

Mark where her Equatorial Pioneer
 Delirant on the tramp goes littoralwise,
 His Flag at furl, portmanteaued, drains to the
 dregs
 The penultimate brandy-bottle, coal-on-the-head-
 piece gift
 Of who avenged the Old Sea-Rover's smirch
 Marchant he treads the all-along of inarable drift
 On dubiously connivent legs,
 The facile prey of predatory flies,
 Panting for further, sworn to lurch
 Empirical on to the Menelik-buffered, enhavened
 blue,
 Rhyming—see Cantique I —with doodle-doo.

III

Infurrate she kicked against Imperial fact,
 Vulnant she felt
 What pin-stab should have stained Another's pelt
 Puncture her own Colonial lung-balloon,

Volant to nigh meridian Whence rebuffed,
The perjured Scythian she lacked
At need's pinch, sick with spleen of the rudely
 cuffed
Below her breath she cursed, she cursed the hour
When on her spring for him the young Tyrannical
 broke
Amid the unhallowed wedlock's vodka-shower,
She passionate, he dispassionate, tricked
Her wits to eye-blind, borrowed the ready as for
 dower,
Till from the trance of that Hymettus-moon
She woke,
A nuptial-knotted derelict,
Pensioned with Rescripts other aid declined
By the plumped leech saturate urging Peace
In guise of heavy-armed Gospeller to men,
Tyrannical unto fraternal equal liberal, her Not
 she,
Not till Alsace her consanguineous find
What red deteutonising artillery
Shall shatter her beer-reek alien police
The just-now pluripollent, not till then

IV

More pungent yet the esoteric pain
Squeezing her pliable vitals nourishes feud
Insanely grumous, grumously insane
For lo'
Past common balmy on the Bordereau,
Churns she the skim o' the gutter's crust
With Anti-Judaic various carmagnoles,
Whooped praise of the Anti-Just,
Her boulevard brood
Gyratory in convolvments militant-mad,
Theatrical of faith in the Belliform,
Her Og,
Her Monstrous Fled what force she had
To buckle the jaw-gape, wide agog
For the Preconcerted One,
The Anticipated, ripe to clinch the whole,
Queen-bee to hive the hither and thither volant
 swarm

Bides she his coming, adumbrates the new
Expurgatorial Divine,

Her final effulgent Avatar,
Postured outside a trampling mastodon
Black as her Baker's charger, towering, visibly
 gorged
With blood of traitors Knee-grip stiff,
Spine straightened, on he rides,
Embossed the Patriot's brow with hieroglyph
Of martial *dossiers*, nothing forged
About him save his armour So she bides
Voicing his advent indeterminably far,
Rooster her sign,
Rooster her conspuent doodle-doo

v

Behold her, pranked with spurs for bloody sport,
How she acclaims,
A crapulous chanticleer,
Breach of the hectic dawn of yon New Year
Not yet her fill of rumours sucked,
Inebriate of honour, blushfully wroth,
Tireless to play her old primæval games,
Her plumage preened the yet unplucked

Like sails of a galleon, rudder hard amort
With crepitant mast
Fronting the hazard to dare of a dual blast
The intern and the extern, blizzards both

COMIN' THRO' THE ROMANY RYE

[The *Daily Chronicle*, reviewing Mr Theodore Watts Dunton's poem, *The Coming of Love*, remarked "The Romany idiom possesses an immense advantage over our poor, every-day English, in offering at least two new rhymes for 'love'—'tuv' (smoke) and 'puv' (a field) These are priceless additions to the meagre Saxon stock—'dove,' 'glove,' 'above,' and the impossible 'shove'" The reviewer scarcely did justice to Mr Watts Dunton's liberal ear, which allows him, in this volume, to employ "cove," "move," "grove," "approve," and "rove," to rhyme with this same sound of "love"]

It is the massive gipsy-maid!

I think I recognize my Luv,
Hither she walks, I see her wade

Across the sodden turnip-puv, Field
O Luv, my Luv!

The lark is tootling in the sky,
Coos in his cot the wedded duv,
Then wherefore should not you and I
Gambol like rabbits in the gruv?
O Luv, my Luv!

In Cap and Bells

Come, let us fly the wicked world,
And all the simpler pleasures pruv,
For life's a vapor thinly curled,
And human glory ends in tuv, Smoke
O Luv, my Luv'

By stilly ponds and stagnant meres
In solemn silence we will muv,
Or whisper down each other's ears
The trifles we are thinking uv,
O Luv, my Luv'

Or let us from the ocean's marge
Out in an open wherry shuv,
And when the moon is fairly large
Perambulate a sandy cuv,
O Luv, my Luv'

Or, where the sheathèd filbert shoots,
Your dusky hands that scorn a gluv
Shall pluck and pass me fairer fruits
Than tooth of ADAM ever cluv,
O Luv, my Luv'

And if, in case of cold or rain,
We cannot comfortably ruv,
We'll twine our noses on the pane,
Or stew beside the peety stuv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Such dreams, so roseate and warm
My free, erotic fancy wuv,
When first your fine and ample form
Upon my swooning vision huv,
O Luv, my Luv!

You're not, I grant you, free from fault,
Your grammar one might well impruv,
Your brow is tanned a rich cobalt,
But still you *are* a treasure-truv!
O Luv, my Luv!

And with a creature like my Own,
As tentatively sketched abuv,
Oft have I heard (though never known)
Of poets who serenely thruv,
O Luv, my Luv!

In Cap and Bells

Then let us fly the wicked world,
And take our chance alone with luv,
For life's a vapor thinly curled,
And all ambitions end in tuv, Smoke
Mere tuv, my Luv' Smoke

THE WOMAN WITH THE DEAD CERT

[An exercise in accentuation, with the author's admiring regards to his friend, Mr Stephen Phillips, *Academy* Coronee]

ENTRANCED by the soul-captivating light,
Red, green and sapphirine, piercing the night,
From bulbous bottles in a moonèd row,
Through the chemist's and druggist's shop-door,
lo'

I passed Without, a terrier, a dumb thing,
Draws his blind master attached by a string,
Straining He was so strong almost I wept,
Wondering how the patient beggar kept
Up Thinly from a far Teutonic band
Soldiers of the Queen floated down the Strand

And lo' along the ardent street,
The usual average of feet,
Braving the clotted traffic's tides
In buttons or elastic sides'
And I was 'ware how one in haste
Went by with both his boots unlaced'

Across the road, outside a bar,
A dull mechanic motor-car
Stood uncomplaining while within
Its driver slowly swallowed gin
With shame my human fibres shook
At this significant rebuke,
Right in my heart I felt the stab
Dealt by the mute electric cab

So to the counter warily I drew
And hailed the chemist "I will trouble you
For some Miltonian trochees, if you please,
Which to the voice give comfortable ease,
When mellifluously it would rehearse
Blank, or, in other phrase, iambic verse '

And even as I spake, oh, lo! I saw
A woman sipping sal volatile, raw,
Out of a test-tube Her sinister eye,
That shone like a bay-window dreadfully,
Was furnished with an infelicitous cast
Such as I deemed should indicate a past
Disillusioned A nice, funereal plume
Lent to her hat a quiet touch of gloom

Partly for ruth no word I found to say,
And partly since a truant trochee lay
Athwart my throat At length the silence stirred,
As when in the green dark an early bird
Twitters Her tale she told without reserve,
Keenly I remember her placid nerve

She had, when life was full of tranquil hay,
A beloved husband, by profession a
Dynamiter Most proud indeed was she
Of his infernal ingenuity
It chanced a public edifice was blown
To bits, with people in it Cause was shewn
None, but a paltry furlong thence they came
Upon the artist's collar, with his name
And blood thereon But of the rest of him
Not so much as a fragmentary limb
Anywhere found they The Coroner said
That the deceased had merely saved his head
By an *alibi* So in weeds she went,
Doubtful at first, but growing confident
As one that hath a dead cert By-and-by
After a lustre of celibacy
She married with a publican and drew

Beer at his bar, nor even so much as knew
Who Mrs Arden was

But on a day,
She serving liquors, lo! there chanced that way
A lurid reveller of familiar mould,
Dight in a massive chain of Yukon gold,
And on her first husband, before she wist,
Swooned heavily the conscious *bigamist*!

Anon the police held their man in thrall,
And, ere the second moon's full coronal
Came round, from the scaffold, clean-shaved and
cropped,

Weighted, arranged, deliberate, he dropped,
Leaving a sullied *widow*, yea, and lone,
That should be, for they whispered he had gone,
Her second mate, that morning, being wed
With the barmaid This also was a dead
Cert Here her welling tears that might not dry
Tell in the test-tube very bitterly

Therewith the chemist, having overheard,
Sobbed like a babe The motor-cab, referred
To in a previous passage, moved about
Involuntarily, and lo! the shout

Raucous-insistent of the Specials broke
The stilly mud-blue nocturne, and I spoke
Pitiful words I spoke that filtered through
Her arid feelings as the divine dew
Freshens Sahara In the mirror she
Ordered her gear The sal volatile
I paid for, with the trochees, nett, and so
Moving with rhythmic step, composed and slow,
Into the large, elusive night I glide
With that strange woman, my *affianced bride* !

THE FIGHTING GEFION

[After Mr Newbolt Suggested by the voyage of Prince
Henry of Prussia to China]

It was nine bells ringing,
 As they swaggered out o' Kiel,
For the watch was busy singing,
 And they'd overdone the peel,
It was nine bells ringing,
For the watch was busy singing,
And the pilot's wife was clinging
 To the pilot at the wheel

*Oh ' to hear the pistons pounding,
 Kaiserland ' Kaiserland '
And the osculations sounding,
 Kaiserland ! Kaiserland '
Oh ' to hear the pistons pounding
And the osculations sounding,
And Orr Only Brother bounding
 On the boom to Kaiserland !*

It was trombones trumping
In the military band,
And the tide was slowly slumping
As he waved his mailed hand,
It was trombones trumping,
And the tide was slowly slumping,
And the KAISER's heart was bumping
As they shoved Him off to land

*Oh ' they're bound for blood and glory,
Kaiserland ' Kaiserland '
But their heads will all be hoary,
Kaiserland ' Kaiserland '
Oh ' they're bound for blood and glory,
But their heads will all be hoary
Ere they tell the "gospel-story"
On the shores of Kaiserland '*

It was fog-horns blowing,
Where the forts o' Spithead frown,
And the tide belike was flowing,
And belike was running down,

It was fog-horns blowing,
And the tide belike was flowing,
When Henricus started rowing
On the loose for London town

*There'll be many another stopping,
Kaiserland ' Kaiserland '
When the engine-fires are dropping,
Kaiserland ' Kaiserland '
There'll be many another stopping,
When the engine-fires are dropping,
And the good tub goes a-flopping
Pitch-an'-toss for Kaiserland '*

It was cracked mugs clinking,
As they sighted Singapore,
And the bleary eyes were blinking
At the hope o' touching shore,
It was cracked mugs clinking,
And the bleary eyes were blinking,
But the cabin-boy was sinking
With his eighty years or more'

*Oh ! the crumpled masts were creaking,
Kaiserland ! Kaiserland !
And the bilge was frankly leaking,
Kaiserland ! Kaiserland !
Oh ! the crumpled masts were creaking,
And the bilge was frankly leaking,
And their throats were dry wi' speaking
Most profane o' Kaiserland !*

It was dumb bells tolling
As they reeled at half a knot,
For they'd done a deal o' coaling,
But the pace was never hot,
It was dumb bells tolling,
And they'd done a deal o' coaling,
When the wherry came a-rolling
On to WILLIAM's little plot

*Nine-and-ninety years were over !
Kaiserland ! Kaiserland !
Since they cleared the Straits o' Dover !
Kaiserland ! Kaiserland !*

In Cap and Bells

*Nine-and-ninety years from Dover,
And the lengthy lease was over,
And the heathen sat in clover
On the pews o' Kaiserland'*

A SONG OF INACTION

[Being a comment on the first chapter of the Cuban War,
after one of Dr A Conan Doyle's ' Songs of Action ']

THERE was a sanguinary war out West—
(Wake 'em up, shake 'em up, try 'em on the trans-
ports)

There was a sanguinary war out West,
And the troops lay low on the cocktail quest,
Ho, the jolly fighting braves
Playing poker by the waves,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The leaguer it lolled by Tampa Bay—
(Prog 'em up, jog 'em up, put 'em on the war-
path)

The leaguer it lolled by Tampa Bay
Nipping by night and napping by day,
Ho, the gunners so slack
They can barely lynch a black,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The regulars danced to the military band—
(Screw her round, slue her round, every stitch
a-straining)

The regulars danced to the military band,
Steel on the heel and kid on the hand,
Ho, the men of warlike arts
Working havoc with the hearts,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The Tailoring Boss sat tight at home—
(Rake 'em up, fake 'em up, worry on the war-
punt)

The Tailoring Boss sat tight at home—
And Sampson he sat tight on the foam,
Ho, the gallant volunteers
With their tunics in arrears,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

General Miles he has come on tour—
(March 'em out, starch 'em out, put 'em through
their facings)

General Miles he has come on tour,
And General Miles he is slow and sure,

Ho, the marshal man of blood,
See him chew the careful cud
All beside the Cuban Sea!

There are sad salt tears on the best girls' cheeks—
(Row 'em out, tow 'em out, stuff 'em in the steerage)
There are sad salt tears on the best girls'
cheeks,
For the heroes have sailed after eight short
weeks,
Ho, the shouting throats are thick
For the warriors will be sick,
Sick upon the Cuban Sea!

They have gallantly weathered the glassy
main—
(Row 'em in, tow 'em in, beach 'em through the
breakers)
They have gallantly weathered the glassy main,
And they're safe on *terra cotta* again,
And before the year is through
We may hear of something new
Somewhere by the Cuban Sea!

ALFRED'S ALFRED

[Being a supposed report of the Witenagemote (or meeting of Wise Men) convened to discuss a fitting form for the commemoration of the millenary of Alfred the Great's demise, the Lord Mayor of London presiding, supported by Mr Alfred Austin, etc.]

The Chairman I call on Mr Austin for a speech
The Poet Laureate (rising) My Lord and Athelings,
 Ealdormen and Thanes!

This is withal an unexpected pleasure!
 Yet, when I think on it, you could not well
 Have made a better choice, since I am he
 Who did you *England's Darling* in a book
 I see before me certain men of mark
 (And others) habited in decent black,
 Mourning the disappearance of the late
 Alfred deceased, who, I regret to say,
 Became a section of the dreadful past
 Nine hundred seven and ninety years ago
 Precisely Add another three withal,
 And lo! it makes four figures—does it not?
[Pause

A Voice It does

The P L I see you follow me, 'tis well
Now note, I freely grant that there are some
Who claim attention as belonging to
Even remoter ages than our friend's,
As, for example, Alcibiades,
Confucius, Pompey, Euclid, Obadiah,
Adam and Bede But none of all the lot
(And I could name with ease a dozen more)
Has been so intimately mixed as he
With the incipient aspirations of
Our British Navy'

It is not my wish,
Nay, God forbid that I should underrate
The gifts of Mr Goschen, when I say
That, if Britannia rules the present waves,
To Alfred is the primal credit due

Lord Charles Beresford Hear! hear!

The P L I was, in fact, about to add,
Before his lordship made the above remark,
That it was Alfred who designed the ships,
The long-oared wherries which at Swanage
clave

In Cap and Bells

The Danish esks The esk, you ought to
know,

Is not a quadruped with antlers, but
A boat You have it in Act IV , Scene II ,
Of *England's Darling* Yer' or rather, Aye'
(The Press will kindly spell it with an e,
Although, of course, it really hasn't one)
Aye' more than that he was an all-round
man,

A scholar knew a power of botany
(I taught him pages of it in the book,
Act III , Scene IV), and trained the young idea
In reading, writing and arithmetic,
Being, as one may say, the prototype
Of London's School Board

Sir John Gorst

Heavens'

The P L

Aye, 'tis sooth'

Withal he rendered into Saxon jargon

The *Consolations* of Boethius'

You may have read 'em? No?

Sir John Lubbock

A glorious work'

One of the Hundred Pleasures of my Life,
God bless him'

The P L Eke the same to you, Sir John
Likewise he started on his own account
The eight-hours movement

Mr J Burns Good old Alfred!

The P L And
Contributed in leisure moments to
The *Chronicle*, before the Norman came
And managed our affairs He too it was
Welded the bond of Church and State

Lord Cranborne Bravo!

The P L And, though a fighting patriot——

Mr Bowles Hear! Oh, hear!

The P L He granted territory to the Danes,
A graceful and polite concession

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett Shame!

The P L Yon Thane will be so good as to with-
draw

His coarse ejaculation

Sir E A -B Never!

The P L Well,

Let us continue just the same withal
And to the point, how best to advertise
The sense of our irreparable loss!

In Cap and Bells

Having regard to his (our Darling's) tact
In naval architecture, there are some
Would have us, at the nation's own expense,
Build an unparalleled torpedo-boat,
And call it Alfred

First Lord of the Admiralty Ripping!

Mr Labouchere Not at all!

The P L Some, mindful of the monarch's ready
skill

In pure vernacular, would like to found
Professorships of Saxon in the more
Congested parts of Ireland

Mr Lecky Very good

The P L Myself in this connection had a thought,
A passing thought, of some addition to
The Laureate's endowment

Mr Bernard Shaw Tut' and pooh!

The P L I will ignore that callous observation

Others, again, on insufficient grounds,
Would institute an Alfred Handicap
At Kempton Park

Lord Rosebery I wholly disapprove!

The P L And some, untutored in orthography,
Or wanting to be funny, which is worse,
Would have the London County Council ope
An Alfred Millinery Depôt in
The Works Department

Lord Onslow Oh!

The P L And, last, the people,
Lovers of all things beautiful, desire
Some adamant (or plaster) effigy—
A hearth, with toasted cakes, and in the midst
Alfred, in pensive mood, belaboured by
A British Matron fit to be erected
Upon a refuge in the narrowest
Portion of Piccadilly

*Lord Roberts (of Kandahar and the Cabmen's
Union)* I object

The P L I cite no more proposals, though there
be
More to be had, but merely make remark
That fortune favors us in point of date
We do not menace France, nor mean to mar
The genial *status quo* by clashing with
Our neighbors' Universal Exposition

Nor need we hastily decide withal,
Having three years in which to do the thing
Two we might spend in tentative debate,
And—— *[Left speaking]*

LINES WRITTEN ("BY REQUEST")
FOR A DINNER OF THE OMAR
KHAYYÁM CLUB

MASTER, in memory of that Verse of Thine,
And of Thy rather pretty taste in Wine,
We gather at this jaded Century's end,
Our Cheeks, if so we may, to incarnadine

Thou hast the kind of Halo which outstays
Most other Genii's Though a Laureate's bays
Should slowly crumple up, Thou livest on,
Having survived a certain Paraphrase

The Lion and the Alligator squat
In Dervish Courts—the Weather being hot—
Under Umbrellas Where is Mahmud now?
Plucked by the Kitchener and gone to Pot!*

* Written just after the battle of the Atbara

Not so with Thee, but in Thy place of Rest,
Where East is East and never can be West,

Thou art the enduring Theme of dining Bards,
O make Allowances, they do their Best

Our health—Thy Prophet's health—is but so so,
Much marred by men of Abstinence who know

Of Thee and all Thy lovely Tavern-lore
Nothing, nor care for it one paltry Blow

Yea, we ourselves, who beam around Thy Bowl,
Somewhat to dull Convention bow the Soul,

We sit in sable Trouserings and Boots,
Nor do the Vine-leaves deck a single Poll

How could they bloom in uncongenial air ?

Nor, though they bloomed profusely, should we
wear

Upon our Heads—so tight is Habit's hold—
Aught else beside our own unaided Hair

The Epoch curbs our Fancy What is more,
To BE, in any case, is now a Bore

Even in Humour there is nothing new,
There is no Joke that was not made before

But Thou! with what a fresh and poignant sting
Thy Muse remarked that Time was on the Wing!

Ah, Golden Age, when virgin was the Soil,
And Decadence was deemed a newish Thing

These picturesque departures now are stale,
The noblest Vices have their vogue and fail,

Through some inherent Taint or lack of Nerve
We cease to sin upon a generous scale

This hour, though drinking at my Host's ex-
pense,

I fear to use a fine Incontinence,

For terror of the Law and him that waits
Outside, the unknown X, to hale us hence

For, should he make of us an ill Report
As pipkins of the more loquacious Sort,
 We might be lodged, the Lord alone knows
 Where,
Save Peace were purchased with a pewter Quart

And yet, O Lover of the purple Vine,
Haply Thy Ghost is watching how we dine,
 Ah, let the *Whither* go, we'll take our chance
Of fourteen days with option of a Fine

MASTER, if we, Thy Vessels, staunch and stout,
Should stagger, half-seas-over, blind with Doubt,
 In sound of that dread moaning of the Bar,
Be near, be very near, to bail us out!

THE PLAINT OF DYING HUMOUR

(AFTER C S C)

[" It is reported that Sir Lewis Morris' (M A , Author of " The Epic of Hades " ' Songs Unsung," " Songs without Notes," etc , retired candidate for Carmarthen Boroughs, and J P) " has complained that laughter is dying out '—*Daily Paper*]

I KNOW not what the cause should be
That Humour melts my heart no more,
That nothing now induces me
To roar

In days of old my waistcoat heaved
Conjointly with my heaving chest
As soon as ever I perceived
A jest

The simple pun, the patent wheeze,
Would take me in the diaphragm,
But now I hardly care for these
A cent

I almost fear—I know not why—

That Laughter's fount has been mislaid;
I could not giggle, not if I
Was paid

And yet my health is very fair,
I harbour no religious doubts,
And am but sixty-four or there-
-abouts

Time was when I and others laughed,
When many an apoplectic fit
Was traced directly to a shaft
Of wit,

For such would find the harness-joint,
And pierce the vulnerable spot,
Whether they chanced to have a point
Or not

You know the "Welsh Harp," Hendon way?
Well, I had one—it came from Wales,
On this it was my pride to play
The scales

Occasionally I would strike

Such notes as never yet were heard,
Or even sing without them, like
A bird

I sang for joy with either lung,

I drew applause from youngish maids;
And had a small success among
The shades

And once, when I was straitly pressed

To go and stand for Parliament,
I ceased my singing (by request)
And went

I went and canvassed Celtic fire

Flamed in my eye and scorched the lid,
And when they asked me to retire,
I did

I settled down again and played

The same old harp with all my might,
And subsequently I was made
A knight

But when the ever-verdant bays
 Alighted on another's head,
Somehow I deemed that Humour's days
 Were dead

And yet, who knows? If I myself,
 Constrained to be no longer dumb,
Should lift my harp from off its shelf
 And strum——

The Spirit of Laughter (if I'm right),
 Though sadly worn, is still alive,
And, under these conditions, might
 Revive!

RESIGNATION

[Being two versions of the same theme, attempted in the manner (1) of Tennyson, (2) of Browning]

I

MORTE D'HARCOURT,

OR, THE BALLON D'ESSAI

THEN murmured Harcourt "Place me in the
car "

So to the great balloon they strolled along
And those three knights, the doleful Jean l'Honnête,

Sir Bel-champ Porte-drapeau, Sir Cop-la-poule,
Over the side heavily hoisting him,
Took out their handkerchiefs, and wept therein
But he that had the sternest eye of all
And wettest, he the penman, Jean l'Honnête,
Arranged the Chieftain's head upon his lap,

And loosed his morion and chafed his chin
Duplex, and ran his fingers through the locks
That like a lion's or the rising sun
High o'er the field would flame with ardent fringe
Then he unlaced the cuirass, letting out
The breath in grievous pants, and dropped a hint,
Darkling, of foul play, mentioning no names
So like an extinct mammoth lay the Chief,
Not like that Harcourt who, from head to heel
Plantagenet through all his azure blood,
Let off his Budget underneath the eyes
Of gracious ladies beaming through the grille

Then loudly called the doleful Jean l'Honnête
For ink and plume, and took his scroll and wrote
"O my dear Harcourt, what are we to do?
For lo! the former times are now defunct,
When every day produced some gallant scheme
For riding out to tilt at human wrongs—
The Union, or the Church, or else the Drink—
And every scheme some gallant lance to run it
Such times have not been since our errant knights
Took shame of wearing shamrock in their hair
And now the whole ROUND TABLE breaketh up,

And on its legs the heathen hack their names,
And I, the last of all thy true Elect,
As in a dim-brown study I am left
To write the record of the days that were "
He ceased, and made a copy for the Press,
And on the fallen warrior's failing heart
Pinned the original, and so with pain
Over the side, fearfully clinging, dropped

Then slowly murmured Harcourt from the car
"The good old order changeth, av, perchance
It was too large an order—who shall say ?
For men may have too much of one good thing
Therefore I go, I have done my work, and feel
My conscience all serene Yet let thy voice
Roll like an organ for me in the Press,
That men may learn the worth of what they lose
And now farewell! I am addressed to go
A strange excursion—if *indeed I go*,
For I myself have had my doubts of this—
To some far-off aerial Lotus isle,
A land where it is evermore P M ,
Where falls not any noise of party-strife,
Nor horrid hum of rival leaderships,

But all is inward calm, with ample space
For writing reams of letters to the *Times* "

He ended, having finished Then the twain,
Sir Bel-champ Porte drapeau, Sir Cop-la pouie,
Planted on earth securely, cut the rope,
And looking each on other slowly winked
But the balloon, unwitting how it bore
The weightiest remnant of the TABLE ROUND,
Made for the *Enigmet* Then Jean l'Honnête
Deep-pondering stood at gaze, until the car
Snewed as a flea athwart the vast inane,
Then, turning through the Forest, wearily drew
To Lyndhurst Road and took the train for town.
Here ceased the speaker's tale So I to bed,
And dreaming far into the Christmas dawn,
Beheld a parachute, and therewithal
Pendent a personage of stateliest port,
That earthward snot and all the people cried
"Harcourt is come again! We knew he would!"
And Cymric voices echoed "Come again!"
He never meant to die!" Whereat I woke,
Rose, dressed, and told my dreaming to the wise,
But there was none that could expound the thing

II

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR W V HARCOURT (*writing*)MR JOHN MORLEY (*not there*)

AND you are back among your books again,
Who never should have left that first employ'
So George Trevelyan thinks, and he should know
Too giddy-fickle was the life of State
For one who walks i' th' world with single eye
And scorns to wink the other Good old John!
I, too, the frequent butt of Fortune's spite,
And deafened with the windy war of words
(Your captious -Bannerman, your talking -Beach),
Fall back upon my earliest delight,
Humaner Letters—written to the *Times*

The year declines in yonder Malwood glades
The last leaf drops reluctant, leaving bare
The last cock-pheasant I could hit the thing
From this same window, if he did not move!
I was a fighter once, but that is past,
Except on paper You recall the time
When, under that great Captain's eagle glance,

I in the golden prime of Derby days,
You at Newcastle (somewhere in the North),
We fought like Kitcheners for Irish Rule—
Or was it Local Veto? One forgets!
How like a dream the youthful splendour fades!
For we were relatively young, and took
Time by the forelock, which is not the same
As Celtic fringes Life had colour then,
And where the shadows crossed it, you and I,
Did we not let our sunbeam-play of wit
Fall like a glad surprise? I fancy so
But even Autumn's after-glow is off,
And now a common blueness, winter's wear,
Obscures the prospect—which is also blue

John have you ever been a Leader? No
That's where the difference comes in I have!
And still the glory clings to me in name
Though not in substance May you never know
How exquisite a pain it is for one
Built as I am, opaque and something more,
To be regarded as a pervious ghost,
A wraith, a sort of thing through which you walk
And notice no obstruction! This is bad

But all night long to labour at the nets,
The weary night and never lift a fish,
And then, at 9 A M , to hear report
About Another breakfasting in bed
On bloated herring—this is even worse!
You take my allegory? There's a Man
Affects the City functions, moves at large
On sundry platforms up and down the land,
Making remarks on books and Grand Old Men
And foreign complications, signs himself
Patriot first and politician next,
And has a curious way of winning hearts!
That is the Man whose blood I wish to have

I thank my Natal Star that never yet
Was I accused of being popular!
My simpler aim has been to know my place,
And keep it In the former I succeed,
But sometimes fail to bring the latter off
Still there are compensations I shall read
Your biograph, though you, I fear, have missed
My letters on the Church I often wish
That you could feel yourself more closely drawn
To Cleric matters! Good-bye, Honest John

THE BOOK OF OOM

HYMN I

(Common metre)

[To be sung on the anniversary of Jameson's Raid]

LIKE goodly cedars, fresh and green,
On Lebanon that climb,
So may the righteous man be seen
To flourish all the time

When foolish enemies arise
Against him to prevail,
The same are taken by surprise
And ludicrously fail

No trust he puts in man or horse
Lest pride should be undone,
But of his foes he counts the force
And meets them, four to one

And when is wrought his righteous plan,
He bears not any grudge,
Nor judgeth he his fellow-man,
Lest others him should judge

His ear he opes to their appeal,
Nor can his ruth withhold,
For who shall mercy wisely deal
Is dealt an hundredfold

Yet, should his foes go straightly free,
Then were the lesson vain,
For so they might encouraged be
To do the same again

How may their sins be purged that cry
"We do indeed repent!"
Save as a blain is probèd by
A prickly instrument?

Though shrinketh mercy from the act,
And though the heathen rage,
The righteous surely shall extract
Of sin the seemly wage

In Cap and Bells

Nor will he loose one little cord
Till stony they be broke,
Then hath the righteous his reward,
And puts it in his poke

And so, like cedars, fresh and green,
On Lebanon that climb,
The pious Dopper may be seen
To flourish all the time

I still would be a Dopper and
The Dopper's prize receive,
And have a hymnal in my hand
And something up my sleeve!

HYMN II

(Same metre)

Lo' as is laid the fowler's gin
For conies and for hares,
So do the pleasant paths of sin
Abound in deadly snares

Of such as oft offend his foot
Who wanders from the fold,
Of these the tap-, or primal, root
Is giddy lust of gold

In pastures green the righteous graze
Like unto fatted kine,
Nor with the wicked choose the ways
Of darkness down a mine

With godly rage and grief renewed,
Their fervid breast is smit
To mark the naughty multitude
Descend into the Pit

And, as of wine th' enticing red
They shun within the cup,
So at the ore they shake their head
When it is scoopèd up

Yea, for the foolish heathen's sake
They labour long and sore
The pleasant paths of sin to make
Less pleasant than before

In Cap and Bells

And whoso will not turn away
Nor, timely wise, repent,
Upon his lifted oof they lay
A tax of five per cent

So from the sinful yellow crop,
As with a whetted scythe,
The faithful ones delight to lop
Their wage of half a tithe

Though pious men of single eye
Not paid can be with pelf,
Who helpeth Heaven may thereby
Be found to help himself

Thus for an holy end they take
The spoil of them that spin,
And from their filthy lucre rake
The goodly shekels in

No fear of dearth or grievous debt
Their hearts shall e'er appal
Who, like the hungry ravens, get
By faith their wherewithal

Look not to princes' These at need
Turn right (or left) about,
The ways of Kaisers are indeed
Past hope of finding out'

Blind in their ignorance or youth
By crooked paths they go,
Nor yet have learned the blessed truth
Which runneth as below

*Who lends the righteous of his store
May build this hope upon,
To reap an hundredfold, or more,
Not now, but later on'*

TO JULIA UNDER LOCK AND KEY

[A form of betrothal gift in America is an anklet secured by a padlock, of which the other party keeps the key]

WHEN like a bud my JULIA blows
In lattice-work of silken hose,
Pleasant I deem it is to note
How, 'neath the nimble petticoat,
Above her fairy shoe is set
The circumvolving zonulet
And soothly for the lover's ear
A perfect bliss it is to hear
About her limb so lithe and lank
My Julia's ankle-bangle clank
Not rudely tight, for 'twere a sin
To corrugate her dainty skin,
Nor yet so large that it might fare
Over her foot at unaware,
But fashioned nicely with a view
To let her airy stocking through-
So as, when Julia goes to bed,
Of all her gear disburdened,

Thus ring at least she shall not doff
Because she cannot take it off
And since thereof I hold the key,
She may not taste of liberty,
Not though she suffer from the gout,
Unless I choose to let her out

THE DOMESTIC BALLAD,

OR, THE SONG THAT TOUCHES THE SPOT

[It is all very well saying that sentiment is cheap, but that is said as a rule by your asinine critic, who doesn't understand human nature, a wretched being who doesn't realize that it means getting to people's hearts "—"*A Talk with Mr F E Weatherly' in Great Thoughts*]

OH say not "Sentiment is cheap to-day!"

How can the song that makes a man to weep
Or else (conversely) wipes his tears away
Be cheap?

Nor say that sea-girt England's heart is dumb,
Her feeling for the briny lapsed or lost,
That sailors on the foam have now become
A frost,

That that unique creation, *Nancy Lee*,
No more can stir the bosom as she stands
Waving upon an eligible quay
Her hands,

That he who ploughed the deep with such aplomb,
Whose heart was ever open, brave and true,
Whose yarns derived a racy flavour from
The blue,—

For whom the total female neighbourhood,
All free to use the Christian name of Jack,
Prayed that the list of wrecks might not include
His smack,—

That he, the British type, whose breast achieved
Ever new miracles of grit and pluck,
Has now, to put it vulgarly, received
The chuck!

No, never! Nor shall changing taste depose
The simple serio-pathetic song
Of love elated, or the sort that goes
All wrong

Under the stress of music's low appeal
Oft have I noticed men about the Town,
Strong men, encumbered by a heavy meal,
Break down,

Hearing the tale of *Darby* and his *Joan*,
Or that of those who whispered lovers' lore
In the dear days of what is widely known
As "yore",

Who, mad with memory of the morning dew
That pearled the popped meads where once
they met,
Are recommended by the writer to
Forget

Ah! yes, for at the after-dinner hour,
When even hearts of stone incline to melt,
'Tis then the homely ballad-monger's power
Is felt

For then the mind with meat is overlaid,
From finer fancies men politely shrink,
I trow they would not willingly be made
To think

Such, nightly, are the needs which still the old
Old songs shall serve, and so can never pass,
Thus differing from the Critic Him I hold
An ass!

In Cap and Bells

Immersed in feeding local swine
He had a sudden inspiration,
And launching on another line
Evolved an epic on *Creation*

The hour has come, long waited for,
Here where his herd was wont to wallow,
To boom our lispng ancestor
And likewise all the bards that follow,
He failed, of course, where we succeed,
His art was young—don't let us scorn it
He whistled down a shaking reed,
We blow, full-mouthed, a mighty cornet¹

Now I, who broadly represent
In poetry the last achievement—
My voice, as Laureate, is lent
To mourn the nation's rude bereavement
But Canon Rawnsley too shall get
Full credit for his work upon it
(I never knew a subject yet
On which he didn't do a sonnet)

As one who has the vested right,
I want to weigh our Whitby hero,
I own he wasn't erudite,
His knowledge, as a fact, was zero,
What then? He chose the better part,
He did not need, like us, to cumber
His open mind with rules of art
And other literary lumber

Here from this headland so sublime
(The view could hardly be completer)
He watched the waves that seldom rhyme
Yet do suggest some sort of metre,
He spoke with Nature face to face
In pious terms, like Mr Keble,
And melts us with his artless grace,
Despite the spelling, which is feeble

Here still we have the moorland view
Where furrowing becks debouch in ocean,
The sea-mews wail, the sea-whales mew,
The billows still retain their motion,

Yonder the same old eagles screech,
Nothing disturbs the ancient feeling,
Save where you sniff from Whitby beach
The fume of bloaters faintly stealing

You'll note the cross which I propose
To offer our lamented brother,
One side presents an English rose,
An apple-tree relieves the other,
This, emblematically done,
Means Eden lost through lack of morals,
That stands for Paradise re-won
By him and us who wear his laurels

These facts, which you are free to share,
I owe to curious skill in botany,
Claiming a great advantage there
Over deceased, who hadn't got any,
More points like this might be rehearsed
In proof of my contention that your
Last poet overlooks the first,
However slight the modern's stature

Conclusion Let me then unveil
 Our rather pleasing crucial beacon
For educated tars to hail
 And thoughtful line to rub their cheek on,
Kædmon' (or Sædmon ?) please to take
 This stone—I now remove its jacket,
And oh' for Alfred's honour's sake
 I trust the tripper may not hack it'

THE BITTER CRY OF THE GREAT
UNPAID

[Mr Le Galhienne's proposal that millionaires should endow genuine poets and so obtain immortality, seems, as yet, to have elicited no adequate response]

WHENE'ER I walk the public ways,
How many poor that lack ablution
Do probe my heart with pensive gaze,
And beg a trivial contribution'

When they accost me as " My Lord,"
And pray that Heaven may guard my going,
It cuts my vitals like a sword
To check my charity from flowing,

To pass them by as though my ear
Had missed their genial observations,
And subsequently in the rear
To catch a stream of imprecations

Perchance originally born

Above the need of vulgar copper,
They were not ever thus forlorn,
But came a paralyzing cropper

Haply beneath those rude outsides,

In substance scant, in texture scaly,
Some mute inglorious Barnum hides,
Or else an undeveloped Bailey

But sadder still it is to see,

Advancing down the gutter's hollow,
Some sandwichman that used to be
Closely connected with Apollo'

Where now from shoulders slightly wrung

You note the blatant boards suspended,
In front—the living lyre was slung,
Behind—the lustrous mane descended'

Within that mane the buds of song

Would build their nests and lightly carol,
What time the owner moved along
In beauteous velveteen apparel

Long since he sold his sounding lyre,
Pruned all his locks and pawned his raiment,
He works for mere ignoble hire
Because it offers ampler payment

The speaking eye, the godlike brow,
That lips should lave and bosoms cherish—
We trample on them, we allow
These priceless things to go and perish!

The nations' hides are very hard,
You ask a trifle down—they grudge it,
You scarcely ever hear a Bard
So much as mentioned in a Budget

Sweet millionaires! your chance is come,
Yours is the duty and you know it,
Surely your hearts within you hum
To reconstruct the starving Poet!

O Thomas Lipton, gallant Knight!
(Your health in fragrant tea and fruity!)
How can you sin against the light
Who paid the champion cheque for Duty?

Sell your preserves, I say, and let
 Big syndicates of Song be floated,
And, by a touch of humour, get
 The Stock Exchange to have them quoted'

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHRIS-
TIAN "

RECLUSE of Keswick, connoisseur of Man
(Day services from Fleetwood or from Barrow),
Whose eye is intimately skilled to scan
The secret of the Manxman's very marrow,—

Whose art can conjure with creative wand
The types of any mortal creed or station,
Christian and Scapegoat, Ishmaelite and Bond,
Without fastidious discrimination,—

To you the maiden-song of Israel soars
In jubilees of which the general drift is—
"Our Crocketts, our Corellis, sell by scores,
But he, the People's only Caine, by fifties "

The feet of fame forerun you while as yet
About the plot your fiery fancy lingers,
,

While still the opening dialogue is wet,
Still warm beneath your palpitating fingers

As when the tempest-cloud looms like a hand,
Waking, at most, the weather-prophet's wonder,
But, swelling visibly, involves the land
In nicely graduated blasts of thunder,

Louder they roll and louder, like the sound
Of logs across the floor of Heaven flying,
Till, long before the rain is on the ground,
The noise is positively petrifying,—

So when we hear the threat (Lord knows through
whom)
Of yet another of your masterpieces,
Far off a low premonitory boom
Thrills through the Press, and steadily increases,

Till, by the time the actual Book appears,
Your worshippers (including many clerics),
Stunned by its virtues vaunted in their ears,
Have reached the hopeless stage of mere hysterics

If, as an anticlimax, falling flat,

The Book itself was bound to suffer strictures,
What then? You are larger than your work, as
that

Is sizes larger than the life it pictures

Yet, like the speaking cinematograph,

You sought to render Nature's nude realities,
Experts, you say, some thirty on your staff,
Assisted you in social technicalities

Not all unaided could you answer for

What happens in a baby-farmers' alley,
Nor "on your own" portray a Premier, or
A lightish lady dressing for the ballet

Could mere imagination tell aright

The rules that regulate a nursing-sister,
Or when and where a Civil Servant might
Under the stress of circumstance have kissed
her?

Or show at once how holy Brothers pray

Who cease for worldly things to care a button,

And how your fate is told on Derby Day
By gipsies opposite *The Cock* at Sutton ?

But one there was who bore beyond mistake
The right Hall-mark of Caine tattooed upon
her,

Whose early period of *Sturm-und-Drake*,
Did her and her creator equal honour

How goes the sequel ? Did the widow fall
A victim to the cloth, or turn to laymen ?
Surely it goes I, GLORY, take thee, HALL,
To be my husband in a halo AMEN !

TO AN OLD FOGHEY,

WHO CONTENTS THAT CHRISTMAS IS PLAYED OUT

O FRANKLY bald and obviously stout!

And so you find that Christmas, as a fête
Dispassionately viewed, is getting out
Of date

The studied festal air is overdone,

The humour of it grows a little thin,
You fail, in fact, to gather where the fun
Comes in

Visions of very heavy meals arise

That tend to make your organism shiver,
Roast beef that irks, and pies that agonise
The liver,

Those pies at which you annually wince,

Hearing the tale how happy months will follow
Proportioned to the total mass of mince
You swallow

Visions of youth whose reverence is scant,
Who with the brutal *verve* of boyhood's prime
Insist on being taken to the pant-
-omime

Of infants, sitting up extremely late,
Who run you on toboggans down the stair,
Or make you fetch a rug and simulate
A bear

This takes your faultless trousers at the knees,
The other hurts them rather more behind,
And both effect a fracture in your ease
Of mind

My good dyspeptic, this will never do,
Your weary withers must be sadly wrung!
Yet once I well believe that even you
Were young

Time was when you devoured, like other boys,
Plum-pudding sequent on a turkey-hen,
With cracker-mottos hinting of the joys
Of men

Time was when 'mid the maidens you would pull
The fiery raisin with profound delight,
When sprigs of mistletoe seemed beautiful
And right

Old Christmas changes not! Long, long ago
He won the treasure of eternal youth,
Yours is the dotage—if you want to know
The truth

Come, now, I'll cure your case, and ask no fee —
Make others' happiness this once your own,
All else may pass that joy can never be
Outgrown!

THE PENALTIES OF BALDNESS

[A case recently came before the Courts in which a gentleman sought damages from his landlady for ejecting him on discovery of his baldness her contention being that this physical defect would be offensive to the taste of her younger lodgers]

'Tis not that both my eyes are black,
My legs arrayed in odd extensions,
Not that I wear, like *Bergerac*,
A nose of rather rude dimensions,—

Not that my chin is cheaply shorn,
Not that my face is frankly soapless,—
Not, therefore, with unfeeling scorn,
Woman, you treat my case as hopeless!

But just because above my brow,
That still preserves a certain lustre,
The locks of youth no longer now
Promiscuously cling (or cluster),—

In Cap and Bells

Because, in fact, I chance by some
Design of Providence, it may be,
To have my pericranium
Bald as the surface of a baby,—

For this, although my state is due
To no specific sin or error,
Woman, I understand you view
My form with unaffected terror

I that was pleasing in your sight,
When first you saw me with my hat on,—
Soon as my top is bathed in light,
Am, metaphorically, spat on!

My presence, so you say, would jar
Upon your younger lodgers' joyance,
To such the hairless ever are
A source, you think, of deep annoyance

O Woman! in my hairy prime,
When I resembled young Apollo,
I seldom fancied—at the time—
How swift a falling-off would follow

I deemed my hair should doubtless be
 A permanently rooted fixture,
 No man should ever hint to me
 " You want a little of our mixture! "

Then came the *decadence*, my poll,
 Round as a Dutchman's ruddy cheese is,
 Loomed freely upward till the whole
 Stood bare to all the wanton breezes

Long with insidious lotions drenched,
 My barren scalp was seared or scalded
 Until the vital spark was quenched
 And children cried, " Go up, thou baldhead! "

But still I argued, " Youth may well
 Be tickled by a mere external,
 Grown men ignore the outer shell
 In favour of the precious kernel

" And Woman—surely Woman must,
 If rightly painted by the poet,
 Neglect the crude material crust
 And love the soul that lurks below it "

But you, who should have probed beneath
The rusty rind, the faded gilding—
You threw my baldness in my teeth,
And me myself outside the building!

And yet, believe me, there have been
Heroes and gallants, saints and Cæsars,
Whose sculptured heads are just as clean
As though the thing were done with tweezers!

Nay, there are those in whom you see
Rough Nature's task anticipated,
They took a vow of chastity,
And had their summits depilated!

Virtue may live in lack of hair,
And, Woman, you shall live to rue it
Who oped your gate, and unaware
Sent forth an angel flying through it

THE TEUTONIC PLAGUE

[The German Beetle, who thrives on cheaper fare than his British equivalent, and reproduces himself with astonishing rapidity, is gradually supplanting the native in our very midst —*Daily Paper*]

Nor to the sound of Royal lips colliding,
Not to the crusted smack of Kingly toasts,
The latest Teuton terror, darkly gliding,
Descends on Britain's coasts!

Not as the Chow-chow squadron takes the ocean,
With cressets' flare and roll of throbbing drums,
In silent armaments with stealthy motion
The German Beetle comes

A cause of madness in our kitchen Maries,
Their vestal hearth he rudely violates,
He sidles in among our ancient *Lares*,
And settles on our grates

The witching hour that wakes the wanton weevil

Beholds him doing that which is not right,
He loves the dark because his deeds are evil,
He loathes the blessed light

Untempted by the larder's toothsome foison,
For which your pampered British Beetles go,
He battens with success upon the poison
Designed to lay him low

A shrewd ascetic, he derives an ample
Inflation from the coarsest kind of food,
He is a precious type, a proud example
Of Teuton hardihood

Colonial—less by taste than by instruction
Drawn indirectly from his cosmic Chief—
His facile gift of rapid reproduction
Simply transcends belief!

The Native who, secure in his position,
Waxed fat and kicked upon the scullery floor,
Now feels the deadly strain of competition
He never felt before!

Less gaily from behind the heated boiler
He sallies out on sinful plunder bent,
The presence of a strange imported spoiler
Mars all his sweet content

More warily he quits his wainscot-hollow
To drink the oven's enervating airs,
For fear the foreigner may go and swallow
His wife at unawares

The solemn facts are proved beyond rebutting,
Vainly we clutch at any straw of doubt,
The German article is slowly cutting
Our local talent out!

England! my country! is there no renewing
Our lost pre-eminence of other years?
What is the bellicose bug-shooter doing?
Where are the Volunteers?

OF THE LORD OF POTSDAM

I THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

As to the sportsman grateful is the first
Appearance of September (or October),
As to the man that has an ardent thirst
Sweet is the sense of ceasing to be sober,
So dear to me

The object I shall mention presently

As toothsome meadows to the vernal lamb,
As par, the perfect par, to those below it,
So is the Lord of Donnerblitz-Potsdam
To me, his puny, but laborious poet
I do not deem

That one could light upon a lovelier theme

Not less in summer's heat than winter's frost,
In fact at any time of year whatever,
Returning to this topic I exhaust
My readers and myself, my subject never,
I try and try,

But cannot drain this welling fountain dry

II THE HUMOURIST AND THE HOHENZOLLERN

["Guillaume II recherche surtout comme convives des
'rieurs comme il a coutume de dire "—Maurice
Leudet]

WILLIAM, though You would like to live unknown
In that peculiar sphere where fate has set You,
The Rontgen rays " which beat upon a throne "
Won't let You

Shrink as You may from every sort of show,
The shameless scribe, well knowing how to
push, 'll
Refuse to have You hide Your light below
A bushel

There was a stalwart Teuton once who braved
The risk of durance in a dungeon's dry vat,
And told us openly how You behaved
In private'

How many miles of uniforms You kept,
How lark-like from Your bed You loved to sally,
With facts that no one ought to know except
Your *valet*

Importunate! whom no rebuke could snub,
 Yearning to fathom secrets yet unsounded,
Into the chamber where You take Your tub
 He bounded!

And here's another book about You now,
 A Gaulish work—an enemy hath done it!
He paints Your regal kitchen, shows us how
 You run it

Plucking aside the kingly veil divine
 Things sacred (or profane) the man exposes,
Your meals he numbers, yea, Your food and wine
 He noses

And what a picture here to haunt the brain!
 Those little luncheon-parties at the palace,
The quips and *mots* that circle as You drain
 The chalice

Speaking as one apprenticed to the trade,
 I own to feeling some respectful wonder,
We must, we other mountebanks, have made
 A blunder!

We thought you did not care for funny men,
That special gaols were built to overawe them,
That jokes were not congenial even when
You saw them

That was our fixed opinion ever since
We heard of You, but now we know our error,
You are the jester's Patron, not his Prince
Of Terror

You stroke us royally upon the back,
"My good buffoons," You very kindly term us,
You are not after all so very pach-
-y dermous

For me, who in some foolish doggrel fitte
On Your supposed opaqueness once reflected,
Hot coals of fire possess my head, I sit
Corrected!

Verbatim I recant my old offence,
Who wrongly wrote—"There never was a
rumour
Of asking Hohenzollerns for a sense
Of humour "

III PARTANT POUR LA CHINE, OR, THE NEW
EVANGELIST

My precious Henry, hear my parting speech,
Ere yet you sail beyond my vocal reach!
Oft have I sauntered round by way of Kiel
And stopped, like this, to take a transient meal,
But never have I sucked the local breeze
In circumstances so unique as these
To see you launched upon your First Crusade
Sends up my blood to 60 (Centigrade)
Remember, Henry, it's a Holy War
That you are on the point of starting for,
Or, bearing still in mind our trade's increase,
Perhaps I ought to say a Holy Peace
You will remark among my sketchy plans a
Design for re-establishing a Hansa!
What is a Hansa? Any one who looks
Will find about it in the history books,
It was a Syndicate in ancient times
For planting German goods in various climes,
It swept from pole to pole the ambient blue
As we, my Henry, contemplate to do,

Working the Ocean on our own account
As soon as we can raise the right amount

Meanwhile I send you on to clear the way,
Ach, Himmel! what a sacrifice to pay!
Think of me sometimes, Henry, all alone
With thorns distributed about my throne!
You know your brother's wish, lay hands, my
pet,

On any mortal thing that you can get
Employ, if feasible, your native charms,
But, failing this, resort at once to arms
If people in the neighbourhood resist,
Let out upon them with your mailed fist,
It saves the knuckles, do be sure to take
This small precaution for your brother's sake

For longer range you carry shot and shell,
In case you see a running infidel,
I also hand you here St Michael's Shield,
You'll stick it somewhere on the coaling field
Observe the blazon—our Imperial Bird,
Of which, no doubt, the dragons will have heard,

Call their attention to it, let them see
The Fowl is emblematical of Me
One dragon you will notice, should he come,
Because he wears a large chrysanthemum,
Henry, between us two, as man to man,
Be careful how you jump upon Japan'

And now before you make a final clearance
(This is your positively last appearance),
Before, in fact, we tear ourselves apart,
Recite that little thing you have by heart,
And tell these gentlemen how you propose
To visit countries where the heathen grows,
And preach abroad in each distinct locality
The Gospel of my hallowed Personality

Henry, my boy, I cannot lightly smother
The sacred feelings of an only brother'
Pray Heaven, though we cannot go together,
You may enjoy a decent turn of weather,
And when your task, your glorious task, is o'er
(I trust, without expenditure of gore),

Omit not to return that I may spread
The laurels on your slightly youthful head
Charge glasses! Ere he climbs the deadly poop,
I give His Royal Highness—Whoop! WHOOP!!
WHOOP!!!

THE SCHOLAR-FARMER

[The petition for a School of Honours in Agriculture at Oxford has been rejected —*Dail, Paper*]

OXFORD' of whom the poet said
That one of your unwritten laws is
To back the weaker side and wed
Your gallant heart to wobbling causes,

It is with mute surprise and pain
I mark a breach of old tradition;
I hear you will not entertain
The Ploughman's plea for recognition!

You, on whose nicely watered plains
Where'er the rural student trips, he
Is sure to notice some remains
Suggestive of the Scholar-Gipsy,

Ford of the Ox! whose ancient name
 Is full of fine bucolic feeling,
 How could you thus ignore his claim,
 The learned farmer's, lowly kneeling?

He spoke of ensilage and germs,
 Of fallow land and pigs in clover,
 You answered in derisive terms,
 And lightly passed his Georgics over

He proffered butter-churns, he knew
 The patent cream-extractor's odd use,
 He tested milk, but you, you threw
 Cold water on his dairy produce

He wove for you a Cereal crown,
 And craved in turn an Honours title,
 You knocked his cornucopia down,
 And gave him beans for cold requital!

Oh, Oxford! in your hours of ease
 Content to spurn the newer knowledge!
 What if the foot-and-mouth disease
 Should hit you hard in court and college?

What if, through pestilence or drought,
You failed for very lack of victuals,
And all your prophets, driven out,
Made Cambridge flow with beer and skittles ?

THE WARRIOR'S LAMENT

[“The ruler of a certain small European principality, who is an officer in the Spanish navy, addressed a letter to the Queen Regent, expressing in warm terms his regret that his private duties prevented him from discharging his naval duties —*Daily Paper*]

OH, a sailor's life is the life for me,
Lashed by the bounding, sounding sea,
With the blue above and the bilge below,
And a general sense of Yo-heave-ho!
But how can I ride on the wrathful deep
With private fields of my own to reap?

I would love to lather the open main
Under the yellow and red of Spain,
To sniff the tootle of war's alarms,
Where the young Canaries are up in arms,
But something tells me to shun the foam,
For piety best begins at home

In Cap and Bells

Think what a Monte-Carlist feels
When Aragon calls and the two Castiles!
For the ban is out and the arrière-ban,
And Spain must fight to her last true man,
But practical duties have to be done,
So Spain must fight to her last-but-one

My heart is away with my own brave tars,
Possibly handling ropes and spars,
And it would, if it could, be beating warm
Beneath its nautical uniform,
But personal claims are apt to clog
The passionate pulse of this old sea-dog

Here from my singular sea-girt rock,
In a manner of speaking, I feed my flock,
Under my rigid sovereign rod
I rule an army of six-score odd,
What, if I went, would be their fate?
I haven't the heart to calculate

So it's oh! (once more) for the spanking main
Under the yellow and red of Spain!

My thoughts go out to the old flotilla,
Steadily anchored off Manila,
But *Duty First* is the rule and plan
Of a Prince who is also a family man

OF THE STALKING OF THE STAG

[From "The Jubilee Guide for Young Sportsmen"]

X

INTRODUCTION

IN Scotland, where the porridge grows,
And jokes demand a deal of care,
The stag, who has a nimble nose,
Imbibes the pleasant mountain air,
He roams the forest at his ease,
And never knocks against the trees

The colour of the beast is red,
More sombre than the carrot's tone,
A most engaging quadruped
When fairly hit, or left alone,
He really wouldn't hurt a child,
But crooked shooting drives him wild

So eager is his sense of smell

He knows you half a league away,
He also travels very well,

How fast I hardly care to say,
But, though you take the train or drive,
You cannot catch the brute alive

Your rifle's pace must be superb,
And bullets built of common stuff
Are insufficient to disturb

A frame incorrigibly tough,
It's best to penetrate his hide
With missiles made to burst inside

OF THE PROCESS

Rules of the game as recognised —

Your stalker comes the night before
To say that he has just surprised

A herd of thirty head or more,
And in their midst a noble beast
With twelve or thirteen points at least

This is a lie, but well I know

 You will believe it, every word,
And in your dreaming you will go
 • And slay the whole astonished herd,
Then rise with blood upon the brain
And sally in a driving rain

For miles and miles, soaked through and through,
 By barren braes you stoutly pound,
Your ardent body bent in two,
 An awful silence hovering round,
And so to lunch, with bated breath,
To drink the stag's ensuing death

Your stalker, having had his fill
 Of undiluted mountain-dew,
Asserts that on a distant hill
 A ruddy patch arrests his view,
This representing, says the wag,
A portion of a splendid stag

What seems to you the obvious track
 Is not the one by any means,

You have to turn about and tack
 Round three precipitous ravines,
 Mere crows may steer an even flight,
 Man stalks by faith and not by sight

Emerging as the shadows fall,
 You find the reddish object there!
 Your next manœuvre is to crawl
 Face downwards—*ventre*, in fact, *à terre*,
 Or bury your excrescent head
 Within a torrent's foaming bed

OF THE DEATH

The gloaming deepens, all is dim!
 Now let the fatal bullet hum,
 You fix your prey, your eye is grim,
 Your heart is going like a drum,—
 Crash! how the echoes rend the air!
 The object doesn't turn a hair

“Just over him!” your man observes,
 His duty is to seem to know,

In Cap and Bells

At this you brace your shattered nerves
And let the second barrel go,
Your stag is steady as a fence,
These beasts are really very dense

With wary steps you now advance,
Reloading swiftly on your way
In case the stricken deer should chance,
Being annoyed, to turn at bay,
And finally you come full-cock
Upon a ruddy patch of rock '

Well in its centre you derive
Some solace from a splash of lead,
Which, had the target been alive,
Would certainly have killed it dead,
Your stalker, meaning not to miss
His honorarium, tells you this

He further says that what he spied
Six miles away against the crag
(Speaking as one who never lied)
Indubitably *was* a stag,

But in the darkness, while you stalked,
The stupid beast had been and walked

OF THE HOME-COMING

Your pony waits you down below,
Grazing at large with slackened girth,
At sight of you his features glow
With pity, not untouched by mirth,
And where the quarry should have been
You mount and quit the painful scene

"How many?" all the ladies cry,
"One paltry Royal!" you remark,
"Sore wounded, he escaped to die
Elsewhere in private after dark"
This is your statement, terse but clear,
Describing how you killed the deer

OF BIG GAME

[From "The Jubilee Guide for Young Sportsmen"]

OF THE RESPECT DUE TO THIS CLASS

AMONG the bards that make for mirth

There is a young and reckless school
That treats the nobler beasts of earth

With unbecoming ridicule,
That mocks the Lion's love of gore,
And chaffs the sainted Dinosaur

This literary vogue is due

To courage born of false conceit,
It comes of going to the Zoo

To see the savage creatures eat,
Or watch them impotently rage
Within a stout, impervious cage

But when you come across the same

Lounging at large with empty maw,
It is a very different game,
And stirs a stronger sense of awe

Than even when in Richmond Park
You meet a rabbit after dark

OF THE PRINÆVAL CHASE

Yet have we weapons far from rude,
And sport is more developed than
In days when, altogether nude,
Your hardy prehistoric man
Would make his pointless flint to drum
Upon the Megatherium

And though the mammal's early size
Approximated to a church,
He wasn't sensitive to flies,
Nor lightly tickled with a birch,
Viewed as a target he was great,
But passing thick to perforate

Now cased in rock, as I have heard,
Lies the lamented Mastodon,
I understand the Dodo-bird
Is also permanently gone,

And in the place of these, deceased,
The Lion is the leading beast

Though in his way a little god,
And gifted with peculiar powers,
As Homer's self was known to nod,
He has his after-dinner hours,
In conscious moments he can leap,
But grows inactive when asleep

OF BAITING THE LION

Remembering his taste for blood,
You'd better bait him with a cow,
Persuade the brute to chew the cud,
Her tail suspended from a bough,
It thrills the lion through and through
To hear the milky creature moo

Having arranged this simple ruse,
Yourself you climb a neighbouring tree,
See to it that the spot you choose
Commands the coming tragedy,

Take up a smallish Maxim gun,
A search-light, whisky, and a bun

It's safer, too, to have your bike
Standing immediately below,
In case your piece should fail to strike,
Or deal an ineffective blow,
The Lion moves with perfect grace,
But cannot go the scorcher's pace

Keep open ear for subtle signs,
Thus, when the cow profusely moans,
That means to say, the Lion dines,
The crunching sound, of course, is bones,
Silence resumes her ancient reign—
This shows the cow is out of pain

But when a fat and torpid hum
Escapes the eater's unctuous nose,
Turn up the light and let it come
Full on his innocent repose,
Then, pour your shot between his eyes,
And go on pouring till he dies

Play, even so, discretion's part

Descend with stealth, bring on your gun,
Then lay your hand above his heart

To see if he is really done,
Don't skin him till you know he's dead,
Or you may perish in his stead'

Years hence, at home, when talk is tall,

You'll set the gun-room wide agape,
Describing how, with just a small

Pea-rifle, going after ape,
You met a Lion unaware,
And felled him flying through the air.

CONCLUSION

Time fails me to pursue the track

Of further monsters not a few,
I must omit the hairy Yak,

I must ignore the brindled Gnu,
I may not even—this is hard—
Discuss the coy Camélopard

"THE HURT THAT HONOUR FEELS"

[Suggested by the attitude of the French Press on the Fashoda question]

THAT man is surely in the wrong
 And lets his angry passions blind him
 Who, when a person comes along
 Behind him,

And hits him hard upon the cheek
 (One whom he took to be his brother),
 Declines to turn and let him tweak
 The other

It should be his immediate care
 By delicate and tactful dealings
 To ease the striker's pain and spare
 His feelings,

Nor should he, for his private ends,
 Make any personal allusion
 Tending to aggravate his friend's
 Confusion

For there are people built this way —

They may have scratched your face or bent it,
Yet, if you reason with them, they
Resent it!

Their honour, quickly rendered sore,

Demands that you should suffer mutely,
Lest they should feel it even more
Acutely

I knew a man of perfect tact,

He caught a burglar once, my man did,
He took him in the very act
Red-handed,

What kind of language then occurred?

How did he comment on the jemmy?
Did he employ some brutal word
Like "demme"?

Or kick the stranger then and there,

Or challenge him to formal battle?
Or spring upon the midnight air
His rattle?

Certainly not! He knew too much,
He knew that as a bud is blighted
Your burglar's honour, at a touch,
Feels slighted

He saw, as men of taste would see,
That others' pride should be respected,
Some people cannot bear to be
Detected

Therefore his rising wrath he curbed,
Gave him a smile as warm as may be,
Thanked him because he'd not disturbed
The baby,

Apologised for fear his guest
Might deem him casual or surly
For having rudely gone to bed
So early

The night was still not very old
And, short as was the invitation,
Would he not stay and share a cold
Collation?

In Cap and Bells.

So was his tact not found at fault,
So was he spared by tasteful flattery
What might have ended in assault
Or battery

Soft language is the best—how true!
This doctrine, which I here rehearse, 'll
Apply to nations it is u-
-niversal!

Thus England should not take offence
When, from behind, they jump upon her,
She must not hurt their lively sense
Of honour

For plain opinions, put in speech,
Might lead to blows, which might be bloody,
A lesson which the Press should teach
And study!

“THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS
HOUSES—”

[En souhaitant le bonjour à M le Rédacteur en-chef du
Petit Journal]

DEAR SIR,—I wish to point a moral
Last week I showed in lightish vein
How gentle words may square a quarrel
And save a lot of needless pain,
I rather hoped for some reply
Saying that this had caught your eye

I hinted—here I'm roughly quoting—
That France was touchy in the skin,
That she possessed an outer coating
So soft, so sensitively thin,
That, when a homely truth is stated,
She finds her honour perforated

But those whose native habits lead 'em
To live in structures built of glass
Should not indulge with any freedom
In heaving stones when people pass,

Because, when people heave them back,
Conservatories often crack

Now note with what unique urbanity
Your journals judge our conduct here,
Not such as make for mere insanity—
The *gamin's* rage, the rag *pour rire*,
But prints like yours, whose pride it is
To educate the provinces

Voyons, mon ami, we have gathered
From that enlightened organ's page
That *we* it was who lately lathered
Your rabble into frenzied rage,
The same old story, O so old,
Of virtue bribed by British gold!

Concealed behind our sombre climate,
With every means for lying low,
It seems that *we* were all the time at
The bottom of the *bordereau*,
Our object being, in a word,
To make your army look absurd!

And when the English missionary
Was missed among the pagan blacks,
Pray, who suborned the crissow'ry
That fell upon his pious tracks?
We did! It happened through our nation
Being so keen on compensation

And who for some ulterior reason
Made full arrangements for the Turk
To vegetate in bloated ease on
Armenia's grave, his gruesome work?
If one may credit your suggestion
We were the horrid brutes in question

All that is cunning, base, perfidious,
In beery Albion has its birth,
She still must be the blot, the hideous
Blister that blights the crust of Earth,
Until her race retires to bed on
The gory field of Armageddon

Such is your day-by-day consignment
Of eye-awakeners for the blind,

Of such-like fare you pay and take your choice,
 But there are themes in which we *all* rejoice,
 On which, when other memories need correction,
 The fancy lingers with profound affection,
 Unversed in which, to ignorantly go
 (Excuse the burst infinitive) below,
 Would cause us to our resurrection-day
 More real regret than I should care to say —
 How Mrs X, for instance, in the Park,
 (For once without her husband) caused remark,
 Being observed of all the smartest folk
 By reason of her captivating *toque*,
 How Lady THIS, who graced a *moiré* gown,
 Is on the very eve of leaving town,
 While, *en revanche*, the Honourable THAT
 Has just secured an eligible flat,
 How SOMEONE gave a dinner, quite select,
 To meet the Prince of HOHEN-BUMMELPFLECHT,
 And SOMEONE ELSE her last of small-and-earlies,
 To hear the Coster-King complete in pearlies
 Are these ephemeral trifles? *No such thing!*
 They have an almost elemental ring!
 Out of the realm of petty sordid care

They lift us (loosely speaking) by the hair,
And must remain in this our fleeting Show
The only solid truths we need to know

And if you ask me how they are supplied
To correspondents of the *Toady's Guide*,
Or what the medium through which they get
Reported in the *Upper Crust Gazette*,—
I know of persons, men of evil bent,
Who put it down to self-advertisement!
Wrongly, I need not say, for who would choose
To have her *menage* made a piece of news?
I trow a woman's heart would have the vapours
To find her frock exploited in the papers,
Did not the modesty that veils her beauty
Surrender to a sense of public Duty,
Because it ranks among the noblest deeds
To minister to common people's needs
Take an extreme example—we derive a
Pure joy in reading all about GODIVA;
And doubtless there are women of to-day
Not less divinely open in their way,
Who yearn, on ordering their wedding *trousseau*,
To share their secret with the crowd—and do so,

And even pay a tariff (dare we hint it ?)
So much a line, to get the Press to print it

II THE AUTHOR-LECTURER

THERE IS a way that none may hope to tread
But whoso has a halo round his head,
Who, whether Nature leaves his apex bare
Or nicely coated with a wealth of hair,
Arranges, like the milking-maid, to base
The nucleus of fortune on his face

Expressly chartered at a lordly wage,
He stands in beauty's strength upon the stage,
Perusing to a mixed but cultured crowd
His own selected efforts out aloud,
Or lecturing the literary Press
Upon the methods which command success—
Maidens that dote and women that adore
All drinking in his charms at every pore

Dight in a dress that suits the brilliant scene,
Rich knickerbockers wrought of velveteen,
Or else in evening-wear whose very hem
Scarce would the *London Tailor* dare condemn,

Awhile he poses in a weary trance
To give the wonder-stricken pit a chance,
Then, if he boasts the kind of hairy crown
Which means an extra forty dollars down,
Just runs his fingers through the wavy crop
While in the hush you hear his hair-pins drop,
Till with a studied smile of high disdain
He breaks at last the agonising strain,
Lifts up his tawny voice and lets it go,
And in a burst of passion blent with woe,
Where all the notes of nightingales occur,
Becomes (like Heaven) his own Interpreter

There is to prophets, so I understand,
A certain charm in some one else's land,
For when our native products cross the sea
They are devoured with more avidity
The Author's figure being vaguely known,
They very kindly take him at his own,
Which estimate is entered in the bond
And backed by Barnum's or by Major Pond

Whereas, at home, it is another case,
For there we see the prophet's frequent face,
Perchance we have that best of annual treats

When the Society of Authors eats ,
Or find him feeding in a friendly way
At houses where you haven't got to pay
And if from oversight, or other reason,
Patrons omit to ask him in the season,
We still may hope—most happily for us—
To brush against him in an omnibus,
Or sometimes even see him in the street
Fanning the pavement with his winged feet,
Where anybody has a perfect right
To watch him till he trickles out of sight

But over there, where people read his books,
But know not, save in pictures, how he looks,
Where still the hero draws a fancy price
For sniffing up the fumes of sacrifice,
There men will freely fling the careless dollar
Simply to see a section of his collar,
Girding the sacred column which sustains
The beetling bulk of those abnormal brains—
A sight that well repays the entrance-pelf,
Being an education in itself,—
Will sit on wooden planks, in mortal anguish,
To watch the poet's lovely glances languish,

Will cross a continent's complete expanse,
To scan the brow that schemed the brave romance,
And die of suffocation just to wring
The veritable hand that wrote the thing

Thus may be worked, with small expense of wit,
The Man-and-Author's Mutual Benefit,
For such as read the latter's verse or prose
Will take a stall to view the former's nose,
While those that pay to see the Man's complexion
Will go and buy the Author's whole collection
What wonder, then, if there across the main,
Richard Le Narcisse was himself again,
And tonsured Anthony, our only Hope,
With this supreme temptation could not cope?

WILHELMINA,
QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS

SEPTEMBER 6, 1898

MAIDEN, on whose gentle brow,
With the weight of woman's years,
Lies another burden now,
Rest a nation's hopes and fears,—
See, we send across the foam,
Yours and ours that laughs between,
Greetings in your Lowland home,
Maiden-Queen'

Over half the world to-day
Deep in every loyal heart
Prayer is made that you may play
Like a queen your queenly part,
And, not least *we* love your throne,
We, who trusted once to trace
From your princely line our own
Royal race

Yet we claim to be your kin
Bound by other bonds than these,
By the courage wise to win
Fame and fortune from the seas,
By the strength that taught the world
What a fearless faith should be,
By the banner never furled
Of the Free

Many a wave rolls o'er the dead
Since the conqueror of Spain,
With a broom at his mast-head,
Swore to sweep us from the main,
And, as now our seamen go
Rival comrades down the deep,
Memories of that gallant foe
Still we keep

Such the splendid warrior-breed,
Lady, from whose blood you spring,
Such their sons that shall at need
All you ask of service bring

So you stand as once she stood,
England's Queen, a simple maid,
In her dawn of womanhood,
Unafraid

And this hour, when hearts are sent
Up to God in prayer for you,
Doubt not where her thoughts are bent
As remembrance lives anew,
How she smiles through happy tears,
Thinking what her life has been
Since her land at eighteen years
Crowned her Queen

And she prays that yours may be
Such a heritage as hers,
Peace that only loyalty
Yielded by the heart confers,
With that other love, apart,
Ah! for what could well atone,
If you missed to have one heart
All your own?

IN MEMORIAM

"LEWIS CARROLL"

LOVER of children! Fellow-heir with those
Of whom the imperishable kingdom is!
No longer dreaming, now your spirit knows
The unimagined mysteries

Darkly as in a glass our faces look
To read ourselves, if so we may, aright,
You, like the maiden in your faerie book,
You step beyond and see the light!

The heart you wore beneath your pedant's cloak
Only to children's hearts you gave away,
Yet unaware in half the world you woke
The slumbering charm of childhood's day

We older children, too, our loss lament,
We of the "Table Round," remembering well
How he, our comrade, with his pencil lent
Your fancy's speech a firmer spell

Master of rare woodcraft, by sympathy's
Sure touch he caught your visionary gleams,
And made your fame, the dreamer's, one with his,
The wise interpreter of dreams

Farewell! But near our hearts we have you yet,
Holding our heritage with loving hand,
Who may not follow where your feet are set
Upon the ways of Wonderland

SIR CHARLES EDWARD POLLOCK

"LAST of the Barons!" lo! the sudden call
Summons you hence across the silent land
To where at His Assize, the Judge of all,
Themselves, the judges of the earth must stand

Not much shall then avail that legal art
Splendid, that set you other men above,
But much the record how with perfect heart
You learned and practised all the law of Love

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD

FRANK LOCKWOOD dead? Then we have lost
A life we counted more than dear,
What darker shadow could have crossed
Our Christmas cheer?

Gone now his laughter's lusty note
That malice never once could mar,
The genial wit that gently smote
And left no scar

Small mirth enough beguiles our way;
By sombre paths at best we tread,
And duller seems the world to-day
With Lockwood dead!

"SCOTS WHA HAE"

[To Colonel Mathias and his Gordon Highlanders Chagru
Kotal, October 20, 1897]

BRAVO, the Gordons! Proved again
The men that never fail!
Though gallant comrades, true and tried,
India's flower and England's pride,
Rushing to storm that bare hill-side,
Reeled in the raking hail

Then skirled the pipes, and up you leapt,
Out rang your Highland yell,
And there with boyish step and light,
Running the gauntlet up the height,
Shouting for battle's sheer delight,
Young Alec Lamont fell!

Fell as the Gordons choose to fall
On a well-won field afar,
Fell for the flag whose storied stains
Call back the fight by Delhi's fanes,
Leaguer of Lucknow, Egypt's plains,
Kabul and Kandahar!

TO THE CREW OF THE MARGATE
SURF-BOAT, "FRIEND TO ALL
NATIONS "

ALL night the pitiless blast had swept
Out of the North-East blind as hell,
Ere dawn, the sudden signal leapt,
Death's meteor-signal leapt and fell

Then, as the cry for rescue rang,
With quick farewell to child and wife
Into the roaring surf they sprang
To yield their lives for the stranger life

Friend to all Nations! Friend at need,
Where danger sets the task to do!
Not ill they chose a name to speed
The gallant craft of a gallant crew

Stout hearts of Kent, that heard the call
Of man to man in the face of death!
Is this, is this the end of all—
These bodies dank with the salt sea's breath?

Nay, but their names shall stand in gold
When the opened books of God are read,
With deeds remembered and deeds untold
That wait till the sea gives up its dead!

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF SORDELLO,
TROUBADOUR *

ALAS' these eyes, how little serves their sight,
That look no longer on my heart's delight

The breath of spring about the fields is blown,
The earth with bud and bloom is glad again,
Therefore that I no longer should make moan

My Lady, queen of Graces, is full fain,
Praying that song for sighing should atone,
Then will I sing, though deadly be my pain,
So much I have of love for her alone,

So much of longing for her lips in vain
Alas' these eyes, how little serves their sight
That look no longer on my heart's delight

Though Love be cruel even unto death,
I make not plaint therefore in any wise,
To think upon my Lady comforteth,
For I have never looked on gentler eyes,

* Raynouard "Choir des Poesies des Troubadours," Vol III, pp 441-443

Let her but promise, " If Love tarrieth,

Thou yet shall find him wearing pity's guise,"
So shall my grief be silent, so no breath

Shall mar her merry days with sad surmise
Alas! these eyes, how little serves their sight,
That look no longer on my heart's delight

Unto my Lady Pitiful I sing

That life may yet be left me, of her grace,
For, were I dead, the ruth thereof would wring
Sorrow for wrong, and for my cruel case,
Nay, surely, but it were a better thing

To die, than, living still, to lack solace,
For death, I know, has not so sharp a sting

As thus to love and miss my Lady's face
Alas! these eyes, how little serves their sight
That look no longer on my heart's delight

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Horace at Cambridge

JOHN LANF, Vigo Street, London

' To every university man this book will be a rare treat But in virtue of its humour, its extreme and felicitous dexterity of workmanship both in rhyme and metre it will appeal to a far wider public.'

—*Punch*

"We very cordially recommend Mr Seaman's book to all who are likely to care for verse which is not unworthy to be ranked with the efforts of Calverley the immortal —*The World*

'Mr Seaman manages his ingenious metres with unfailing skill"

—*The Athenæum*

'A genial cynic with a genuine smack of Bon Gaultier'

—*St James's Gazette*

"The humour is bright and spontaneous"—*The Times*

Mr Seaman's book is never slipshod it has the neatness the precision, the sparkle of its Latin namesake —*The Spectator*

Tillers of the Sand

SMITH, ELDER & Co, London

"In the political sphere Mr Seaman is at present without a rival"

—*The Globe*

'Taken as a whole we are much mistaken if any better volume of political verse has made its appearance since the days of the *Rolliad* and the *Anti Jacobin* —*The World*

'The best of the satirists on the other side is Mr Owen Seaman who has touched off some of the weaknesses of the late government with very happy and caustic humour"—*The Spectator*

'Mr Seaman is own brother to Calverley and in modern times there has been nothing so good of its sort as *Tillers of the Sand* Mr Seaman proves himself so brilliant a jester that it needs must be he takes the jester's privilege of offending no one —*The Speaker*

'One of the most accomplished of writers of occasional verse to-day'

—*Bookman*

"It is all so good that passages are hard to choose"—*Scotsman*

"The author's rare quality—a capacity for satirizing one's political opponents with a wit that leaves no wound"

—Mr JAMES PAVN in *The Illustrated London News*

"Brilliant and inimitable"—*Chicago Daily News*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Battle of the Bays

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

"Now that Calverley is no more Mr Owen Seaman is his own most dangerous rival. He has excelled himself in *The Battle of the Bays*.

In this little volume the master hand is visible in every line. —*Punch*

'The new Rejected Addresses' of Mr Owen Seaman are quite worthy to be ranked with the classic volumes of Horace and James

The thing is done as well as it could be. This little volume is *merum sal*. —*The Spectator*

"Mr Kipling has never been so nimbly caught before for Mr Seaman has the art to reproduce his flute notes as well as his big drum.

Several of the miscellaneous pieces are among the very best humorous poetry of this generation. We have laughed at nothing lately more than

at 'Ars Postera' at A New Blue Book, at 'Lo a Boy Poet of the Decadence' and at 'To Julia in Shooting Togs'. But, after all Mr Seaman's

masterpiece up to date is certainly 'To the Lord of Potsdam'. This will live or we are greatly mistaken among the most effective examples

of historical satire lyric. —*The Saturday Review*

"It is certainly remarkable, in our dearth of great poetry, how good of its sort the satiric verse of our day is—so good in fact that nothing but

the best will serve and even the best like Mr Seaman's which in the day when Sir George Trevelyan was a wit would have taken people's breath

away, is apt to be treated as mere journalism. But really it is the most characteristic expression of our time using the accustomed forms of

verse to point the neatest criticisms and the sliest of epigrams. Mr Seaman's humorous imitation of Mr Swinburne Sir Edwin Arnold,

Sir Lewis Morris Mr Kipling and the rest is in every case very funny. —*St James's Gazette*

'The book abounds in excellent fooling and really wholesome satire, the ingenuity and felicity of verse and expression giving it likewise a high

artistic value. Quips and cranks of audacious wit strokes of a humour always sane and healthy wylay the reader incessantly, and leave

him no peace for laughter. —*The Westminster Gazette*

'Mr Seaman must be tired of being compared to Calverley and J. K. S., but he is of their company and what is more on their level. The Battle

of the Bays bristles with points it is brilliant and it has that easy conversational flow which is the one absolutely necessary

characteristic of good humorous poetry. One charm of writing such as Mr Seaman's is that it makes us feel quite obliged to poets whom

we have never admired for being so good to parody. —*Pall Mall Gazette*

"Mr Owen Seaman has a very neat talent for parody. The Ballad of a Bun is exceedingly funny and ought to make even Mr John Davidson laugh.

All the imitations are good. —*The Times*

"In point of technique extraordinarily clever."
—*The Illustrated London News*

JOHN LANE The Bodley Head, London & New York